THE PACIFIC

VOL. 59. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., AUGUST 26, 1909. No. 34

PACIFIC Theological Seminary

THE GREAT GUEST COMES.

While the cobbler mused, there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by the driving rain;
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went, and there came a crone
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown;
A bundle of faggots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road.
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild,
In the big dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west,
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest;
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did you forget that this was the day?"
Then, soft, in the silence a voice was heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street."

—Edwin Markham.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 447 Minna street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Portland remarked that only twenty-five per cent of the faces in his congregation on a recent Sunday morning were familiar to him. This led the Oregonian to say: "This is an indication of the large number of tourists who go through Portland."

A thirty-foot channel from Portland to the sea is a probability of the near future. The building of the North Bank railroad with its feeders and the Central Oregon road will more than double the traffic seeking the ocean by the way of the Willamette and the Columbia, and facilities for the most economical class of vessels are demanded.

Seattle looks forward to another transcontinental railroad in 1911—the Grand Trunk now being built through Canada to Port Rupert on the Pacific ocean. It is said that branches will reach down to Vancouver, British Columbia and to Seattle. "All things come to those that wait." But Seattle seems to get many of the all things without waiting, at least without much waiting.

General Marshall, the chief engineer of the United States army, thinks that he has found six kinds of climate in the neighborhood of Los Angeles and Long Beach. He tells the Los Angeles folk that they have a great harbor now, and one that will be greater ere long; and that they need a big harbor for what is before them. Los Angeles knew it before, but it made the people feel good all over to hear it from the chief engineer of the army.

We welcome most heartily to the Pacific coast the Rev. G. W. Hinman, the newly appointed district secretary of the American Missionary Association. Mr. Hinman is an excellent man for the work; he has been South through the A. M. A. field, and comes to the coast with mind and heart full of the great problems which our churches are meeting in the regions assigned to the A. M. A. Mr. Hinman has made Seattle his headquarters.

When Captain Gray, of the ship Columbia, sailed into Gray's Harbor on the west coast of Washington on the 11th of May, 1792, he made mention in his log-book of a lone spruce tree which guarded like a sentinel the entrance to the harbor at the north point. That tree, about four feet in circumference, is still standing and is used now by mariners as a guide in entering the channel. A bronze tablet commemorative of the etrance of Captain Gray into the harbor is to be placed on the tree on the 11th of next May, and several acres of the land on which the tree stands will be given to the city of Aberdeen as a park.

The Pacific remarked when the series of addresses by the Rev. Charles R. Brown on "The Young Man and His Affairs" was published in pamphlet form that they were worthy of a more enduring and handsome setting forth than that. And now, the T. Y. Crowell publishing house of New York announce a more substantial edition which is on sale at one dollar a volume. There is much in these addresses that will make for the best things in the lives of young men, and we are glad that in attractive form on the tables of book stores all over the country they are to catch the eyes of persons who have the placing of good literature before the young.

Evidently the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad intends to be itself, to act with a free hand on the coast. One of the first and most commendable acts is that relating to Oriental trade. It offers through rates to the Orient at a much lower figure than that charged for goods for domestic use. It meets the Canadian Pacific rates, and will undoubtedly win back much of that export business which went from the Puget Sound ports to Vancouver, B. C., when the American roads declined to abide by the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission and furnish schedules of rates. This they refused to do for the reason that, in their judgment, the lower published rate to the Orient would at once be demanded by domestic shippers.

There is great activity these days at Irondale, on Port Townsend Bay, Puget Sound, which is in all probability to be, some day, the "steel city" of the Pacific Coast. A steel plant will be in operation there within the next sixty days which will turn out one hundred and fifty tons of finished steel a day, and which will be enlarged from time to time to meet the demands of the coast. Irondale is not unknown as a manufacturing place heretofore. In an old furnace erected there many years ago was made some of the pig iron that went into steel now in the famous battleship—the Oregon—built by the Union Iron Works in San Francisco. The old plant has been thoroughly modernized, large tracts of iron ore and of coal have been gotten possession of by men acquainted with the latest processes in steel manufacture, and the foundations for a great industry are being laid. A few days ago the largest Corliss engine ever shipped to the Pacific Coast arrived at Irondale. We notice in a Seattle paper the statement that among the enterprises that have been forced to await workmen is the Congregational church, and that services are being held now in a large tent.

The Rev. Sydney Strong, one of Seattle's Congregational pastors, has conducted some very successful out-door Sunday afternoon meetings in Seattle this summer, and expresses the opinion that every park in the city should have an out-door civic-religious service every Sunday next summer. He will endeavor to bring this about on an interdenominational basis. Speaking of these meetings which had an average attendance of a thousand for five Sundays, Dr. Strong says: "While not intended as religious affairs

they have been uplifting in their nature, and I believe have stimulated interest in better city life, better citizenship, and all things that make for the good of mankind. The program at Kinnear park last Sunday included addresses on the theme: "Learning From the Old Worlds." Senator Cotterill spoke on "What Americans Can Learn From the Old World. The Rev. George W. Hinman, Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Missionary Association, on "Ten Years in China, and Mrs. Deborah Leeds, a Quakeress from Philadelphia, on "What Americans Can Learn From the Orient." There was instrumental and vocal music, and the people sat about on the grass in the park and enjoyed the program. At another park similar services were conducted by the Rev. J. L. Garvin, and an address was by a woman teacher of economics in the Seattle schools on the subject "Learning to Live." Dr. Wilson, one of the Presbyterian pastors, spoke on "Let Us Be Neighbors."

THE LURE OF CALIFORNIA.

"Going back to California," notwithstanding the fact that he recognizes New York as the commercial and literary center of the country, is what the poet, Edwin Markham, says of himself. "Once the charm of the golden climate gets into a man's veins, he may roam all over the earth, but he will always long to return to sunset land." "My best inspirations come to me there," says Markham. "It was there that I awoke one day to find myself acclaimed as a poet. The call of the East with its millions and myriads of industries came to me, and, like Bret Harte, I obeyed it; but, like the old darkey in the North, I hear the call of Dixieland, and I must go." Mr. Markham was born in Oregon in 1852, and came to California when he was about four years old. The first money which he earned was twenty-five dollors for ploughing a neighbor's field. This was when he was about fifteen years old, and it went in part toward the purchase of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and of the poems of Bryant, Tennyson and Moore. It has been said of Markham: "Poetry to him is not only a high and serious vocation; it takes on somewhat of the nature of revelation. He is not more poet than prophet." He would have his song practical and find fulfillment by being embodied in individual life and in the social order. In one of his poems he says:

"I have no glory in these songs of mine:
If one of them can make a brother strong,
It came down from the peaks of the divine—
I heard it in the heaven of lyric song.

"The one who builds the poem into fact,
He is the rightful owner of it all:
The pale words are with God's own power packed
When brave souls answer to their bugle-call.

"And so I ask no man to praise my song,
But I would have him build it in his soul;
For that great praise would make me glad and strong,
And build the poem to a perfect whole."

California will welcome Mr. Markham back to her shores, and many will endeavor earnestly to build his poems into their souls, for his is always a message for betterment. It was he who wrote:

"The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final state is brotherhood."

He also wrote:

"God is descending from eternity,
And all things good and evil build the road.
Yea, down in the thick of things, the men of greed
Are thumping the inhospitable clay.
By wondrous toils the men without the dream,
Led onward by something unawares,
Are laying the foundations of the dream,
The Kingdom of Fraternity foretold."

To Markham an era of the golden rule is not an irridescent dream. What he believes is sometime to be upon the earth is set forth in "The Desire of Nations":

"Earth will go back to her lost youth,
And life grow deep and wonderful as truth,
When the wise King out of the nearing Heaven comes
To break the spell of long milleniums,
To build with song again
The broken hope of men,
To hush and heroize the world,
Beneath the flag of brotherhood unfurled.
And he will come some day:
Already is his star upon the way.

In the day of his coming Markham pictures the king as saying: "Come, let us live the poetry we sing." And then he writes:

"And these, his burning words, will break the ban—
Words that will grow to be,
On continent and sea,
The rallying cry of man."

It is worth while to give to the nation and the world such a man as Edwin Markham. It will be worth while to have him here on the Pacific Coast again, where is sometime to be one of the world's greatest centers, and where are to be solved some of her greatest problems.

It has been said that he is not a poet of the past, but of the present; that he is not a prophet of despair, but of hope. To him the best is yet to come; and so we are glad that the lure of California is irresistible, and that he is soon again to cast his lot on these western shores.

AT WHITE HEAT.

Since the primary election in San Francisco and the nomination of men for mayor and district attorney supposed to be at least lukewarm toward if not actually hostile to the prosecution of the persons accused of graft, the condition in some circles of people anxious for justice to prevail has been one of white heat.

For example, last Monday morning at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, the venerable, beloved and ever-lovable Dr. Willey arose and protested—with that dignity in which he is so masterly even though deeply moved—against the appearance in The Pacific of such statements as that quoted last week from an editorial in the San Francisco Chronicle, telling how tired many people were of the seemingly interminable wrangles going on in the city. Dr. Willey's protest was

indorsed by Dr. W. C. Pond and by Chaplain Rowell, all of whom evidently—as many others have remarked—had put a wrong interpretation on the Pacific's editorial note. We quoted the plaint of the Chronicle and suggested that so far as the prosecution of Mr. Calhoun was concerned there was a way to bring it to an end speedily. This, it was said, could be by the defense asking for a change of venue, something for which the prosecution could not ask; that in another county there was opportunity to get a jury that would come to some agreement, while it was not probable that any jury secured in San Francisco ever would agree. This has come to be a very prevalent opinion owing to the effort which Mr. Calhoun and his friends are making to defeat justice.

The Pacific welcomes Mr. Heney's declaration that he will return to San Francisco soon, prepared to fight the grafters into the last ditch. We hope that he will be elected district attorney in November and that the prosecutions will go on. There are things that are far more damaging to a city than the hurting of its business. San Francisco can afford to have business hurt for a long time if graft can be stamped out.

We may however differ with Mr. Heney and some others as to when the last ditch has been reached. Some people never know when they have reached the last ditch. But, the time has not yet come to locate that ditch in the struggle now on.

THE LAND RESERVE CONTROVERSY.

Nearly twenty-five years of newspaper experience and the scanning all the while of a large number of papers has brought the present writer to the judgment that people need to look into more daily papers than the number going into the average home in order to get a correct presentation of some of the questions which now and then agitate the public mind. Not a few papers are notoriously unfair. It gives us pain occasionally to see this unfairness in some from which better things are usually supposed. We find one of these instances of unfairness in an Oakland paper in its discussion of the actions of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger.

On the 20th of August a dispatch from Washington, published in many papers, stated that the Acting Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Pierce, had made the following statement concerning the Cunningham coal entries in Alaska:

"Soon after Secretary Ballinger assumed office some phase of those cases came up officially before the department. The Secretary called for me and stated that he had been called into consultation about the cases before his appointment and that he would have nothing whatever to do with them and directed that all matters relating to them should be handled entirely by myself and the Commissioner of the General Land Office. Since the Secretary assumed office he has had nothing whatever to do with these cases, and all matters relating to them have been handled either by myself or through the General Land Office."

Nevertheless in its edition in the evening of August the 21st the Oakland paper, referring to the coal entries, spoke of Mr. Ballinger as sitting "as judge in a matter in which before he became Secretary he was attorney." On Monday this thrust was followed by an editorial in which bias on the part of the Secretary was suggested.

And now as to the controversy stirred up by Mr. Pinchot and championed by some papers on the coast having a grievance against the Secretary of the Interior! We venture the assertion that so narrow has been the circle of the daily reading of many of the readers of The Pacific that they have not entered into the merits of that controversy.

The Oregonian, of Portland, has the following admirable presentation of the case:

"The fight between Ballinger and Pinchot is a conflict between rival interpretations of the law—the one conservative, the other radical. This conflict comes down through several clashing years. The radical element, represented by Pinchot, has been 'holding up' the public domain, creating reserves and denying applications and patents—most of these acts being at variance with strict reading of the law. Now the reaction has come, and President Taft, through his Secretary of the Interior, is pursuing a changed policy of administering the law as he finds it. This excites the rival element which has been accustomed to cast aside 'legal technicalities' when they stood in the way of its favorite method of 'saving' the public land and forest and stream 'to the people.' It asserts that the vital question is not whether lands were legally withdrawn from entry, but whether the interests of unborn generations are to be conserved and greed of the present generation is to be curbed.

"This plausible version of the law, the function of the public domain and the privileges of the present generation does very well within certain bounds. But it can easily go too far; its method depends on personal opinion, which is a variable quantity;! it is something that strict rules of justice and political sanity do not allow. There are hundreds of persons in Oregon today—yes, thousands—whose valid claims to land have been jeopardized by this policy, their applications denied or their patents withheld or canceled. All this is the result of the Pinchot method of administering the statutes. It is not strict application of the law, else the claimants would safely have had their land long ago.

"The new Administration is taking the middle course between the old regime wherein fraud and greed were rampant, and the Pinchot policy, which, while being useful to the country, has been pressed to the extreme limit, and done much injustice. Mr. Ballinger has made plain that in this 'reaction' the designs of land and water grabbers will be resisted by the government. But the Pinchot element at once rises in wrath to declare this new plan works in the interest of great land monopolies and water power combines; and intimates the Secretary of the Interior is in the service of these interests, and that everybody who sides with Ballinger is their tool.

"It is not believable that the country as a whole will take this view. There is much to do in great water-power undertakings throughout the West. These enterprises will not go forward while the government retains the power sites, nor so long as it is impossible for individuals to acquire and dispose of the locations. It is stretching the law to withhold them from sale and use. The middle course which Ballinger is pursuing is the rational one in this matter. The Pinchot faction will gain nothing from charges of dishonesty and corruption. If Pinchot desires to con-

tinue being useful to the government, his friends will have to cease this talk, and he will have to fall in with the government's policy."

What, it may be asked, are influential papers in other parts of the country saying? The New York Post declares as follows:

"We are compelled to believe that in his methods, if not in his facts, Mr. Pinchot has blundered to an extent which must challenge Mr. Taft's attention and compel him to interfere."

The New York Times is of opinion that "Mr. Pinchot, the savior of the country's forests, is wrong." This, the Times remarks "is not Mr. Pinchot's first mistake."

The New York Sun says: "It accords perfectly with Mr. Pinchot's idea of government 'by foresight' instead of government by law."

The Boston Herald speaks of him as "the unfortunate Mr. Pinchot," and says that "public opinion will not follow him in his view that the law may be disregarded for what the law ought to do."

The Pacific gives attention thus to this land reserve controversy for the reason that the course of some of the coast papers and people seems to savor not a little of hysteria, so ready are they to denounce as corrupt every public official who doesn't do just what they want done.

A NOTED WOMAN.

Mrs. Anna Besant, the president of the International Theosophical Society, has reached the Pacific coast, and will deliver several addresses in California. Sunday evening she will speak in San Francisco, in Garrick Theater, on "The Coming Race and the Coming Christ." Monday night in the First Congregational Church of Sacramento, on "Theosophy, Its Meaning and Value." Tuesday night in the rooms of the Ebell Club in Oakland, on "Reincarnation." In her autobiography, written several years ago, Mrs. Besant says: "I have been told that I plunged headlong into Theosophy and let my enthusiasm carry me away. I think the charge is true, in so far as the decision was swiftly taken; but it had long been led up to, and realized the dreams of childhood on the higher planes of intellectal womanhood. And let me here say that more than all I hoped for in that first plunge has been realized, and a certainty of knowledge has been gained seen as true as that swift illumination. I **know**, by personal experiment, that the soul exists, and that my soul, not my body, is myself; that it can leave the body at will; that it can, disembodied, reach and learn from living teachers, and bring back and impress on the physical brain that which it has learned; that this process of transferring consciousness from one range of being, as it were, to another, is a very slow process, during which the body and brain are gradually correlated with the subtler form which is essentially that of the soul; and that my own experience of it, still so imperfect, so fragmentary, when compared with the experience of the highly trained, is like the first struggles of a child learning to speak compared with the perfect oratory of the practised speaker; that consciousness, so far from being dependent on the brain, is more active when freed from the gross forms of matter than when encased within them; that the great sages spoken of by H. P. Blavatsky, exist; that they wield powers and possess knowledge before which our control of nature and knowledge of her ways is but as child's play."

It was in 1893 that Mrs. Besant wrote as quoted in the foregoing. In 1908 in a preface to an edition of her autobiography published that year, she wrote:

"It is right that I should here place on record the fact that during these nineteen years of strenuous work all over the world, Theosophy has been to me an ever-increasing strength and joy. Never once for a single instant has my faith in it faltered, nor the slightest cloud of distrust flitted across my sky. Each year has added something to knowledge, some verification of 'things heard', some proof of what had been theory. Life has grown more and more intelligible; death a neglible incident in an ever-widening life."

Before Mrs. Besant turned to Theosophy she was a confirmed materialist, a co-worker with the noted atheist, Charles Bradlaugh of England,—and atheistical herself throughout. To this she had come from a Christian faith at one time remarkably child-like in its simplicity.

We do not believe as Mrs. Besant believes; we do not believe that she lived once before, or many times before, on this earth—do not, in other words, believe in Reincarnation; we do not believe that knowledge comes to her as she thinks it comes; we do not believe with her that "when in future days, a world rejoicing in a universal religion, shall count over the great souls who laid thereof the foundations, not the least of these Master Builders will be revered as H. P. Blavatsky." Nevertheless we recognize in Mrs. Besant one who is exercising an influence which the Christian church must reckon with in this age of the world just as it must reckon with Mary Baker Eddy and Christian Science.

A MESSAGE FOR THE HOUR.

C. S. Nash.

(An Address by Professor Charles Sumner Nash at the opening of Pacific Theological Seminary, August 16, 1909.)

We who are assembled here believe in the Kingdom of God. We believe that it is coming and shall fully come. Whatever its vicissitudes, we do not doubt its triumph. We love the citizens of the Kingdom, that great multitude of God's people in all the world within and without the organized church. We love the Church of Christ, which He purchased with His precious blood. We are members and servants of that church. Some of us are ordained ministers in it, laden with its main responsibilities. In particular, the young men, for whom this hour is especially ordered, have chosen that ministry and are taking on its personal quality, its privileges, its commands. Not the Kingdom, visualized and panoplied in its own peculiar array lordship, not merely the people of God taken in character as dispersion and leaven, but those people organized, that Kingdom visualized, and panoplied in its own peculiar array and intent,—in a word, **the Church**, that is our specific concern and devotion. We need hardly pause to say that we do not take the Church as itself tho ultimate end; we take it as a proximate end, the great agency for the Kingdom. **But we take it,** take it as indispensable to the triumph of the Kingdom, take it as the agency for making the Kingdom, religion, our faith, our service, effective and fruitful.

With us, then, the inquiry is a constant one, How fares the Church, and how lies our way in it? So complex is

the situation that very divergent accounts may be given of it. Many men are always optimistic; they see the divine side so clear and preponderating that they would never at any juncture state the Church's plight in heavy terms. With such a glorious conception I deeply sympathize. But it lacks a careful estimate of existing conditions, of the human side of the partnership, of the insistent demand that the Gospel of salvation shall be at all times actually saving men out of misery and sin. It seems to me every way wise and necessary to see the lower and weaker side as well, to discover and acknowledge existing weakness, to estimate fully difficulties and opponents, to weigh also our power and resources in distinction from the power of God.

Viewed thus, the present day is not a day of power and victory with the Church of Christ. Dr. Campbell Morgan of London calls it a time of affliction. A striking phrase flying about in the wind is "the arrest of the church." Said the Rev. J. P. Jones in his address from the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales: "We have heard very much of recent months about the arrest of the Christian Church, and without wishing to take an unduly pessimistic view of things, I think we are bound to admit that the arrest is real. The Church has somehow lost the resistless and triumphant power of the ancient days." If this word, 'arrest," seems too strong, yet we must agree that the church is not at present—as an organized enterprise—making a resistless and triumphant way. This is shown by the church conditions, not in a single city here or there, but in all cities throughout the Christian world. Nowhere is the church coping in spiritual mastery with the mighty situation. If many churches are living an advanced life and doing an enlarging service, if the Church is gaining over its past, yet it does not seem to be gaining upon the astounding development of modern life, the service of the churches does not keep pace with the growth of the world. We seem to be straining at a load too heavy to be kept from settling lower. We seem to be laboring at a task daily accumulating on our hands. We seem to be calling to men who give less and less heed and who tend farther from our voices. We seem to grow aware of augmenting resources, which yet we dispense in more diverse philanthropies or even apply more closely to our own multiplying desires. We seem to be losing our own comrades who slip out to join the hordes of unchurched Christians who remain unorganized and unengaged, aloof from the world's dire need.

If one attempts a more specific statement of conditions within and without the Church, there is much to say and several ways of saying it. It is agreed that our intellectual unsettlement has weakened our religious convictions, distressed our faith, sapped our moral vigor, perplexed our impelling motives, and reduced our active service. Not yet have we regained firm ground for strong, confident running. The Old Testament field is well-nigh fought through. The New Testament field, most sacred of all, is now covered with the battle. "Jesus or Christ?" is the daring question. "What do we know of Jesus?" is a bold variant. "Was Jesus or Paul the Founder of Christianity?" is no less searching. Not in colleges and universities only are they "blasting at the Rock of Ages." An eastern state legislature is still in session, and has been freely charged with fruitless waste of weeks and months. A leading member of it explained the situation by saying that the state never elected an assembly containing so many independent thinking men. No measure can be put through upon the recommendation of its sponsors. Every measure is hung up till the members have examined it for themselves. The situation and explanation are true of the Church of today. And when you have thousands and millions who have cut loose from authority and are revelling in the spaces of infinite truth and error, you have lost the close ranks and the lock step, and you often despair of rallying the scattered multitudes into any semblance of union and force under leadership. The Christian Church is divided into hundreds of separate and differing branches. Every local church, whereon the light of modern day is shining, resembles that legislature, contains men and women seeing for themselves, rejoicing in the personal vision, though it differ from their neighbor's. In the disturbance and turmoil, in the loss of assurance, it is too much to expect that ordinary, unlettered faith could keep serene. It is still more to expect that, while the elemental search for unshakable foundations is tensely pursued, the outside campaign for the salvation of the world would not slacken.

The field of administration also presents confusing factors. We Congregationalists are engaged in earnest reorganization in many parts of the land. And English Congregationalists are similarly engaged. So are other branches of the church. The union movements between denominations cannot advance without large attention and energy. Human effort is limited. Not that the whole power of man is yet in action. But speaking by the facts of human nature and actual life, it is true that power given to these administrative problems, to formation and maneuvre, is for the time subtracted from the shock and stroke of battle. English Congregationalists are now raising a fund of at least $1,250,000 for ministers' salaries; English Baptists are doing the same thing; the resources of money and energy given to this most important item of equipment cannot, of course, be thrown directly into battle with the enemy.

In many quarters the Church finds this a lean day in respect to benevolence funds and personal service. In great numbers of churches it is harder than ever to get laborers for Sunday-school and other departments of work. The minister and the few willing ones are heavy laden for a large inactive majority. As to benevolence, this is not an ungenerous time, though it is abundantly shown that the gifts of Christians lag far behind their augmenting resources. The just complaint of the Church is that its members have become too manifold and indiscriminate in their benevolence. They do not sustain the enterprises for which they as members of the local church and the denomination are jointly responsible. In this regard Congregationalists are sinners above many others. At our doors the whole needy world knocks, and retires with crossed palm and smiling face. Secretary Anderson writes: "Although we are employing more agencies, sending out more literature, resorting to numerous expedients, less per member is given to the work for which our churches have assumed responsibility than ever before in the history of the denomination, though the churches are giving more money than ever to all the objects which appeal to their benevolence. The explanation is to be found in the fact that many more institutions are appealing to the churches for support. One church, not a thousand miles from the Congregational House, contributed last year to no less than eighty objects. And yet the appeal of our own field under the auspices of our own societies should have first consideration."

Under this head of benevolence the arrest of the Church's

missionary work is the largest and most painful item. This arrest is limited to no single denomination. Among others we ourselves are suffering it and suffering from it. We could mend the situation in a day, if we would act together, for we are a wealthy denomination. But how our "Together Campaign" dragged through the heavy sand! And our missionary leaders and field workers are distressed in spirit while they perforce hold back the work. Neither in home nor in foreign missions is the Church just now pursuing everywhere a policy of generosity and devotion.

And then the mere bulk and complexity and baffling changes of the Church's work add enormously to the seriousness of the situation. Not until rceently have we undertaken to save the world itself instead of rescuing individuals out of a lost world. We are realizing how extensive and intricate is the work of applying Christianity to human relations as a whole. Large populations have moved away from our church buildings; their places, if taken by anybody, are filled by foreigners. Our cities would have become our despair, save for our faith in God. The evangelization of the world should be completed speedily, and we feel its weight as a single enterprise. The whole world is within our sight, the total task of Christianity is seen and felt, the vast, unreduced duty challenges our faith and obedience. So great is it all that we feel incompetent and ineffective; and indeed we are too weak for the gigantic task.

You may have noticed recent testimonies by leading pastors in several parts of the land and in several denominations to the effect that the wealthy men of our country had not, as a class, cut loose from the Church, that in large majority they were supporters and members and even active workers. So far as this is true, it is in itself well. The Church is the place for the rich, but ever since Jesus' day they have been in special danger of missing it. What makes the present situation ominous is not the presence of the rich, but the absence of the poor. "To the poor the Gospel is preached," said Jesus; and "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the Kingdom." Must we now say, To the rich the Gospel is preached, while the poor wander as sheep without a shepherd? This would be a sad reversal of things as Jesus saw them and Himself arranged them. It certainly generates deep concern and furnishes one of the hardest factors of the present time. How shall we win back the poor without losing again or any further the rich, so that in the Church at length the rich and the poor may meet together?

There has caught me a new vision and burden of low-lying human life, too heavy and unrelieved to be quite balanced I hope. The greater the city, the stronger and deeper such an impression is likely to be. The crowds seem to be moving with a mighty inertia on the low levels of labor and pleasure. Do they think? Do they reach upward with any vital aspiration? Certainly they do to some extent. But you feel the awful sag downward, towards loss and discouragement and defeat and hardening of heart, toward the ground—and lower. Men, as you see them in such surroundings, seem to be actually settling lower, whether in the callousness of toil or the blindness of indulgent pleasure. They can be uplifted. They may be touched with new life. But viewed as our task, to reach, renew and uplift our fellow men, it seems hopeless, and it is so. We stand before it, not idle, not wholly barren, urgent, trying to be faithful, laboring harder than ever, but with a heavy sense of inadequacy. The work is greater than our power. We do not accomplish it. The world is charging us with not accomplishing it. Too widely it does not look to the Church to accomplish it.

The sketch, as here presented, is sombre. I have tried not to be too sombre to be true, save as I have not stated counterbalancing facts, the brighter parts of the situation. Much more, indeed, might be said to emphasize the difficulty and inadequacy of the present situation. You have in mind current discussions about denominational competition, numbers and quality of the ministry, problems of social Christianity, etc. It does not seem untrue, or even extravagant, to say, in words already quoted, that the Church has lost, for the time, its resistless and triumphant power, that it is a day of affliction and depression.

Now, confronted with this situation, our only and sufficient refuge is Almighty God. "Jehovah's arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear." "The Lord of Hosts is with us." How have we ever fallen upon such days as these? There seems to me but one reply, though it be easier to state than to explain. The divine power is always adequate, but at present an inadequate measure of it is received and employed by the Church. On this simple statement all Christians must agree. Upon the further inquiry how and why this is so we may differ in our replies. For we re-enter the complexities of life at once, where, if statements are to be simple and definite, there must be many of them. Church leaders and members, Christian people within and without the Church, are so heavy laden and absorbed in attention to life about them and upon them that they are inattentive to God; some of them are laboring so earnestly and perplexedly as if they must do the whole work that they fail to wait upon God as if he must do it all; some are too cool and inactive to be agents of divine power; some are so engaged upon practical righteousness that they partly neglect religion, are so concerned with social conditions and relations that they neglect the soul's relation to its Father. However you go into details of characterization, the trouble is that our Christian work is too largely our own. We are doing it, if indeed we are doing it at all. We are campaigning at our own charges. We do not need to. We do not mean to. We have not forgotten the sources of power. We are only neglecting, under many hindrances, to drink full draughts of spiritual energy. We have not forgotten that we are God's fellow-workers, yet we are bearing too much alone the burden and heat of the day.

To exhibit or prove this there is no time to add to the statements already made. This is not an idle day. The Church, in large portions of it at least, is busy and devoted, is organized in many forms to cover the field of opportunity, is chagrined and distressed at the meagre returns, longs and strains to be faithful and fruitful. The failure can only be, not **in** God, but in us **toward** God. His presence and power in human life are always according to our co-operation with Him. There is too little of God in the Church today, too little of His almighty power in the Church's endeavor. I need not asseverate this, as though in danger of contradiction. We cannot but agree upon it. Here, too, we find and agree upon our need. The only return to power and achievement is a return to God. It is clear and plain to affirm. But he or they who could actually lead the Church back into the power of God would be heard from sea to sea. Perhaps no man could do it; certainly no man, nor any number of men, is doing it. There needs a spiritual movement, wide as the country, wide as

the Christian world, lifting impotent, believing and receptive hands to God, offering obedient, sacrificial lives to Him, dropping upon Omnipotence the crushing load of a world's salvation. It is no simple matter of revived mystic communion only; this there must be, but also all the surrender and obedience which make communion vital. The whole tithe, material as well as spiritual, is required for proving God. There must be no withdrawal of our own labor and force from the outdoor field, for the trouble is not that we are working, but that we are too largely working without God. We must find Him, not in idleness and psalm-singing, but in faithful service. We have been trying to go out among men and win them; out there among them we must stay, with our best methods and endeavor; out there God will come to us with the power we lack.

Repeating a phrase easily overworked, the Church needs a new vision of God. If these words are used, I think they should be interpreted richly and actively. Mere vision, resting in contemplation, will not suffice; it must be a renewing and commanding vision. We need, all through the Church, an awakened sense of God's Person, presence and power, a brightness above that of the sun filled with a voice to which we cannot be disobedient. We need to possess and appropriate more of God in us, for the greatening and strengthening of our own natures. We need the constant and controlling consciousness that we are the servants of His will and power, that we both live and move in Him, that every act of service is His and all the strength we use is His, that His power in us is actually beyond measure, so that no act done for Him need go weak and barren. We need to have our very being saturated with and composed of the creative energy which gave us being, which renews us daily, which will send saving power through us to those we serve. This infinite thing, which human speech can merely point unto, the Christian may have without delay, a church may have, the Church at large may have and keep, and in its glory may recover "the resistless and triumphant power of the ancient days."

This is no time for young men to enter the ministry under the spell of an enterprise easily and everywhere victorious. This is a day, not of victory, but of battle midway of the long field. It is a day not of harvest, but of sowing and tending. Ministers today must be men of faith in the future, men of devotion to cope with difficulties, men of endurance, men determined to effect something against odds, men of sane and moving speech, of influential leadership, able to rouse and rally and lead strong men. They must enlist for a long, hard campaign. Great battles are on, to be sure; they are always on. The whole character of the warfare may change at any time and the Church enter on a course of decisive victories. Wanting men who would be able to spring with force into such new and exultant movements, we want them of such mettle as will be stedfast and high-hearted throughout the slower day. And while the hours draw on, our ministers, young and old, have now this chiefest duty, this highest hope, to find for themselves and their churches the presence and power of God. They must not hark back to old ways, as though the former days were better than these and the glory had departed. They must be men of the hour, alert, effective, faithful. They must believe that the best is yet to be, and that God is to be found ahead. Forward through the disturbing, exhilarating modern ways of thought and action they must find Him. **But they must find God.** In the secret of His presence, in the panoply of His power the Church of Christ shall once more go forth "clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners."

Brethren, there is much to do together in these opening months. "Let all things be done decently and in order," "heartily as unto the Lord," faithfully unto the end, devotedly toward men, above all, divinely in the fellowship of God. This is life eternal, that we should know the only true God and Jesus Christ. Our Christian ministry is more than rousing and guiding men to do their best; it is actually imparting to them the life of God; it is, in borrowed words, "the open heart athrill with the Spirit carrying into other hearts a flash of the eternal will." Here, in preparation for such ministry, our primary business is with God.

In the Vatican gallery at Rome hangs Raphael's famous painting, the Transfiguration. You have seen it in reproduction at least. You recall the main scene; Jesus with the two visitors from heaven, and up-gazing from the ground the entranced disciples. That should comprise the whole picture. You are disturbed to find in the lower foreground the scene to which they descended from the mount, the epileptic boy, the agonized father, the impotent disciples. The great painter meant, I suppose, to remind the Church of his day that it must not abide, transfigured and inactive in that glory, but must go down promptly into the tragedy of woe and sin, that close beside the mount of vision and power crowds humanity waiting to be healed and cheered It may be that today, as often, we need to read the message backward and upward, that in hot fields of ministry to mortal need and in theological halls reputed cold, just above our drudgery and impotent endeavor, as near as on Raphael's canvas, rises the mount in whose light we may enter the Presence.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Topic for Sept. 5, "Life Lessons from the Epistle to the Romans.—Rom. 12:1-21.

The basis of Paul's belief in Christ's essential deity lay in His character, and His resurrection (1:4). Is there any greater proof for us?

The world's moral history up to Paul's age was a stupendous failure. The Gentile immorality was unutterable (1:18-32). The Gentiles appeared given over to wickedness most abominable. The Jews were not outwardly as bad, but eually a failure, for they had transgressed the law of oGd given to teach them better things than the Gentiles knew. To know right and not do it was more culpable than being ignorant (2:1-29). Is the world any less of a moral failure now? If so to what may it be attributed?

God's wrath is against sin, not sinners, but as all had sinned, all were self-condemned, and helpless. It is this state of helplessness that Paul emphasizes. Are we any less so? How does this tally with the idea of evolution so widespread today? Because we are more privileged than others is sin any less sin, or guilt any less guilt? (3:1-20.)

Over against thiss in stands God's righteousness, which is revealed through nature (1:20) and conscience (2:14), it is true, but more specifically through the revelation of His character in the Old Testament (3:21). What will this holiness do with sin and the sinner? In sharp contrast to the judgment and condemnation that might be expected **stands the fact of redemption** in Christ (3:21-24), begotten of God's own thought, mercy, and purpose for the race,

Jew and Gentile alike. To Paul, that redemption centered in Christ's sacrifice (3:25), hence the significance of Christ's death to all, who are equally in need of being helped—redeemed (3:26-30). In this method of redemption there is no room for self-glorying, the Jew has no advantage over the Gentile, as it is not a matter of works under the law, but of faith, which can be exercised by Gentile and Jew. The possibility of such a redemption was revealed before the law was given, in Abraham's time, so that the righteousness of faith is older than that attempted under the law, and is the only basis of hope for anyone (4:1-22). What hope men indulged, however faintly, is made strong through God's promise, which though long in fulfillment was sure as His character, and came to fruition in the Saviour, who redeems all who have faith in Him (4:23-25). The exhortation (5:1-11) appeals to us as to the Romans. Let us receive this gift, and marvel at the Divine love for us. The strength of Christ's redemption is in marked contrast to man's failure, which reaches back to the first man, and the promise of the future lies in the grace which shall "reign in righteousness unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (5:12-21).

What is the Christian life? According to Paul it is union with Christ (6:5). United by baptism, or the surrender of which baptism is the seal. United by a new life of which Christ's resurrection life is the symbol (6:1-11). United by holy life (6:12-14). United by obedience, and service such as bond servants used to render their master (6:15-23).

We are inspired by the Spirit who fosters this new life, leading, witnessing, helping, perfecting, rendering us victorious (8:1-39). In chapter 12 the practical side of the Christian life is held forth.

The body as the channel of spiritual service needs to be offered to God in consecration (v. 1). God's will is the transforming power for the world (v. 2). We serve best when we rightly measure our abilities (v. 3); discover our special work (4:8); love each other (9-10), and are bubbling over with energy (v. 11). We show our Christianity in endurance, prayer, being hospitable and sympathetic (v. 12-16). We display our Master's spirit if we live peaceably with all men, and try to be of service even to our enemies.

FLETCHERIZE.

Once a man with poor digestion
Ate some cork and carpet tacks,
Ate two lobsters without question,
Ate some tripe and sealing wax;
Ate of pickles by the quart, sir;
Ate of crabs an even score,
And when all supplies ran short, sir,
Still was clamorous for more.
Did it hurt him? No, it cured him;
You may do as he did, too;
Mr. Fletcher had assured him
Of the virtue in a chew.
Chew the oysters, chew the chowder,
Chew the fish and chew the meat,
Chew the smallest crumb to powder,
Chew up everything you eat;
Chew boiled rice and chew the curry,
Chew the pudding, chew the sauce,
Chew them slowly, never hurry;
Chew, for time is only dross.
Chewing 's good for what may ail you;
Cures rheumatics and the gout;
Chew, and health will never fail you
While your jaws and teeth hold out.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Park.—A Christian Endeavor Society of 17 members was organized last Sunday.

Oakland, Market St.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. J. M. Schaeffle of Los Angeles.

San Lorenzo.—This church finds itself the best organized in a business way at any time in its history.

Niles.—The pulpit has been occupied for the last two Sundays by the Rev. Mr. Boller of Los Angeles. Rev. F. V. Jones, the pastor, is improving in health. The church is getting ready for a new building.

WASHINGTON.

Marysville, Wash.—Rev. S. Williams has resigned, to take effect April 25th. The church is in a prosperous condition and there is promise of future growth. The building has been renovated at considerable cost, and a special effort is proceeding for a new organ.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday there will be a union meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley which will be addressed by Professor George Adam Smith of Glasgow, Scotland, who is now delivering the Earle lectures at Pacific Theological Seminary.

The Rev. C. P. Dorland, Missionary superintendent of the Southern California Congregational Conference, has spent most of the summer in the East. Writing recently from Washington he remarks that the Mojave desert is a summer resort compared to the National Capital, and that he would not trade his home in Monrovia for the White House. Remarking that he will never again go East in the summer time, the editor of the Long Beach Evangel says, "Some of us would not go East in the winter time even."

Several hundred people attended the opening lecture by Professor George Adam Smith in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Monday evening. The topic for the series is, The Religion of Israel in the Seventh Century Before Christ. The sub-topics are: The Bequests of the Eighth to the Seventh Century, The Religion of Manasseh, The Book of Deuteronomy and the Reforms Under Josiah, The Early Life of Jeremiah, The Religious Experience of Jeremiah and Its Value For Ourselves. The fourth lecture will be given next Monday evening. The others on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN CHINESE.

At a union meeting of the Christian Chinese churches of San Francisco, held at the Cumberland Presbyterian Mission on July 10th, 1909, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The press of the country has made sensational and unjustifiable accusations against the whole Chinese race in general, and the entire body of Christian Chinese in particular, on account of the Sigel murder in New York City, to stir up race hatred and prejudice against us; and

Whereas, We have received reliable information to the effect that the unfortunate victim, Miss Elsie Sigel, had never been a teacher in the recognized and regularly established missions in the city of New York, and that Leon Ling, the alleged murderer, was never a member of the missions, nor a Christian, but merely for a short time attending the classes; that Miss Sigel was employed by Leon Ling as his private teacher, and that both Miss Sigel and Leon Ling were almost unknown to the Chinese Christian circle in New York; and

Whereas, Grevious injustice has been done to the Christian Chinese by the imputation that the awful crime was committed by a Chinese Christian; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Chinese Christian Union of the city of San Francisco, in mass meeting, do hereby protest against the unjust and misleading reference to the Chinese people in this country as a whole in connection with the New York crime; and be it

Resolved, That we denounce the sensational press in condemning the whole Chinese race for the crime committed by one man; and be it

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to render all assistance within our power to aid the authorities to apprehend and convict the murderer of Miss Sigel; and be it further

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be given to the press to show our willingness to uphold the laws of this country, the land of our adoption.

MENARCHIE.

The evening of Wednesday, September first, will be one of great interest to all who can be present at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco. The Woman's Board of the Pacific is to hold the annual meeting during the day, closing with an evening session, when Mrs. Abby Snell Burnell will give her graphic story of a high caste Hindu woman's life. Mrs. Burnell, the niece of Prof. E. S. Snell of Amherst College and granddaughter of Dr. Thomas Snell, pastor for sixty-three years at North Brookseld, Massachusetts, is a direct descendant from John Alden and Priscilla, and a cousin of William Cullen Bryant. Her residence of several years in southern India gives assurance that she knows whereof she speaks; and, dressed in the native costume, her portrayal is so vivid that many of her audience suppose that they are listening to a Hindu woman telling her own history. Dr. Newell Dwight Hills says: "The lecture is full of instruction and throws a flood of light upon the manners and customs of that fascinating world named India. Mrs. Burnell is a gifted speaker, and her impersonation deserves wide recognition." Robert J. Burdette wrote: "It may please you to know that the air has been fragrant with praise of the service Sunday night. You will be long and gratefully remembered by all who were privileged to listen to you."

The fascinating story combined with the personal charm and dramatic power of her who tells it wins high-

est prasie from every audience where "Menarchie" is heard. L. T. P.

ANNUAL MEETING OF W. B. M. P.

Sept 1st is the date of our Annual, to be held at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco. Sessions at 10:30 and 1:30 p. m. An important item of business is the formation of the Northern Branch of California. Miss Wikoff, just home from North China, is expected; and other interesting speakers.

AUXILIARIES OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, ATTENTION!

Each one of you should be represented at the annual meeting, September 1st, to hear the report of the committee for the formation of the new Branch. Are you interested in it? Come and tell us so. Do you want to know anything about it? Come and find out. We need the help of every woman in Northern California to carry on our work.

HELP WANTED.

The Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific desires three young women to fill positions of honor and usefulness, as follows:

One kindergartener for Foochow, China. The sum of six thousand dollars is now in the hands of the American Board to be used for new buildings when a teacher is on the ground to make plans for buildings.

One teacher for Brousa, Turkey.

One teacher for Chikore, Rhodesian Mission, South Africa. Write to Secretary W. B. M. P., 1834 Sutter St., San Francisco.

THE HOME

ONE KIND YEAR.

A married man who cured himself of the habit of speaking crossly to his wife, his children, and his employees, writes as follows:

"I have lived one kind year. To many other people, I presume, I have been about the same sort of fellow as for many years. But to my faithful wife I have not spoken one fretful or cross or complaining word, to the best of my knowledge and belief, for twelve months last year. I have not made much money this year, but I have made one heart glad.

"Let me tell you how difficult this was. Did you ever stand by a running stream and think how smooth as oil its swift flow was? Then you thrust your hand in the water, and lo! it was a mill race. The waters boiled and spattered about your hand till you coud hardly hold it there.

"I never realized the force of my snappy, scolding habit to that woman till my new vow began to check it. I found that I had been in the constant habit of playing the coward—that is, scolding a good woman. A dozen times each week the fretful words sprang to my lips. I shut my mouth tightly, and my! how bitter stuff bubbled and boiled against my teeth on the inside! You may laugh, but actually I had to chew the words.

"I have noticed an increased fondness in my wife this one kind year. She draws near to me oftener, she confides in me more, she has lost that 'I-am-afraid-of-you' look that half the time she used to wear. We consult now about family matters; for we used to telephone to each other, as it were. Her spirit has improved. The irritation that I had reflected, it seems she caught, and now that I am a better man she is a sweeter woman. It makes my heart ache to recall how often she used at first, in this kind year, to glance up at me with a surprised and questioning look, when I spoke gently. I caught her studying me, curiously, as if she were wondering if I had secretly made a fortune recently, or had met with what the minister calls a change of heart, or was growing to be a boy again. I think she decided on the latter, for her eyes grew soft and young, like the girlish eyes I first loved years ago. And she began to act young herself. I never let on. I just silently kept to my resolve: 'Not one cross word in one kind year.'

"The best of all is the decided improvement in the dear woman's health. My wife eats better, has more nerve, more vitality every way. The children do not worry her half as much as they used to. She gets along with less fretting. It is a good way to round up this one kind year.

"It is curious how smiles furnish a house. I presume you know what it is to have your wife beg you to buy a new chair, or picture, or some other thing. Our things get worn out. Well, my wife hasn't asked me such a thing all this one kind year. Yet somehow I say the old home looks better furnished than it did a year ago. Maybe it's the sunshine on the old things. Sunshine can do almost anything.

"I have been surprised by my increased appetite for breakfast and dinner. A fellow can't eat and scold too. Breakfast was my favorite time for scolding—except dinner at night—for I take my lunch down town. Let me see: that made a meal at home a growler's feast. Well, that was about so. My lunch was the best meal, for I ate alone, and there was nobody to fret at. Now all is changed. Meals at home, I like them. There are no salt tears on the bread. God forgive me! How often I used to make somebody cry, wife or one of the two children, at table. All is now changed in this one kind year.

"In fact, the thing has gone with me to the store. I have gradually got the habit of being first civil, then kind, to the boys. It is like oil down there the last few months. It is queer, but everybody hates to be scolded; even I do. A kind word is better than a whip with a clerk. Now, I am going one kind year more. I don't make any very loud pretensions, but I think there's a deal of gratitude to the Almighty in being kind to His creatures. Perhaps if a man is not kind to his fellow, whom he has seen, how shall he be to his God, whom he has not seen?"—Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, Canada.

BREADS TO EAT FOR STRENGTH.

By Bernarr Macfadden.

The problem of selecting wholesome and nourishing bread and at the same time gratifying one's particular taste is by no means unimportant. Bread is said to be the staff of life. It is looked upon as an important adjunct to a meal. Many persons cannot eat a meal without bread, no matter what they may be eating, bread forms part of the repast. For instance, bread and potatoes or bread and meat are eaten together, and if the meal is continued on to dessert and the appetite is not satiated, it is not at all unusual for one to eat bread even with dessert. Under such circumstances, it is easy to understand the very great importance of selecting the right kind of bread.

The table of the average home, in most instances, is supplied with white bread made from the bolted white flour of wheat. When white bread is not used, hot biscuits or rolls made from the same flour, serve as a substitute. Now this bread is a delusion and a snare. It is nothing more nor less than a pretense. It is suposed to be rich in nourishment and to be capable of supporting health and life, but this supposition is absolutely false. To be sure it contains a large amount of starch, much larger in proportion than

whole wheat bread, but you must remember that there has been removed from the flour used to make this bread the organized salts which really constitute the life of the food—one might call it the vital element. This is found largely in what is termed the germ of the wheat, and the germ of the wheat is removed with the bran in bolted white flour. It is cast aside as worthless for human food. In the bran that is removed from this bread there are also found elements that provide nourishment for the muscles and bones of the body.

Those who rely upon white flour as their principal article of diet, in nearly all cases have bad teeth, and have frequent need for the dentist. Their teeth have been actually starved. The blood is not supplied with the elements needed to properly nourish the teeth.

Of course, where one uses the products of white flour and mixes with them a large variety of other foods, the deficiencies of the white flour may not be especially noticed; but where the diet is chiefly confined to such food, the physical and mental effects upon growing children and upon adults are disastrous to an extreme degree. For instance, some of my readers may remember an experiment that was carried on several years ago, and described in detail in this publication, in which a young man attempted to live on white flour products exclusively for two weeks. At the and of that time he was in what might be termed a frightful condition. The same young man on a former occasion had fasted for two weeks, and amazing as it may seem to the average individual, he lost more weight and more strengtn while eating white flour products for two weeks than he lost on the occasion of his two weeks fast.

In other words, it is quite plain that white flour products, if used exclusively, are worse than no food at all. You will lose strength more rapidly if you eat these products alone than while fasting. I believe the cause of this result is largely due to the organized salts having been removed from the grain. With this vital element eliminated, the food is deficient to an alarming extent. It is almost like taking the life element out of the human body and expecting it to perform the same service that it would be capable of performing with its powers intact. It is like depriving a dynamo of electricity and expecting it to do the same work that it would be capable of doing under normal conditions. Thus you can realize the terrible mistake that is now being made everywhere in the use of white flour products.

An ordinary meat diet is unquestionably ill-suited for one enjoying normal health. A non-meat diet will in practically every case serve to nourish the body in such a manner as to increase the endurance and general strength, but white flour products are unquestionably many times more harmful that meat could possibly be. This accounts largely for the frail appearance of some vegetarians. They become interested in a non-meat diet for sentimental reasons; that is, they consider the killing of animals cruel and needless, and in following out their principles, they proceed to avoid meat entirely. When avoiding meat, however, and atempting to make white flour products take its place either partially or wholly, one will suffer severely. Not only do they fail to properly nourish the body, as heretofore explained, but at the same time they clog the alimentary canal. They are what might be termed the most important cause of constipation. The human alimentary canal requires a certain amount of waste products to assist in the proper digestion of the food. Whenever a highly concentrated food is used, especially if it is hurriedly masticated, it provides a source of danger. The peristatic activity of the bowels requires a certain amount of coarse or fibrous material in order to secure proper digestion and assimilation. This is furnished very thoroughly by the covering of wheat and all other grains. When this has been removed, and the usual hurried proecss of mastication followed, there is defective digestion and assimilation, and slowly but surely functional defects develop which in practically every case finally result in some chronic disease more or less serious in nature.

My advice to those who are seeking a wholesome nourishing bread would be to avoid white flour products. If the meal is made up of a large number of different articles of food one or two slices of white bread or a similar quantity in rolls or biscuits, may not do serious harm, but at the same time you must remember that digestion would be facilitated if even this small amount of bread was replaced by more wholesome food. If you find you cannot secure anything else except white bread, then make up your meal without bread. Potatoes, for instance, or any ordinary vegtables, form what might be termed fairly wholesome food, and will thoroughly nourish the body without the addition of bread. They will also be more easily digested than if accompanied by white flour products of any nature.

Though the ordinary white bread is objectionable, the products of white flour that you find in the form of hot biscuits, pancakes or hot butter cakes are still more harmful. Hot white bread usually forms a doughy mass in the stomach unless it has been very thoroughly masticated. Remember also that hot biscuits are not objectionable unless they are made from white flour. Hot bread made from whole meal of the wheat or from any of the other grains is wholesome in every case, especially so if thoroughly masticated. Graham gems, for instance, make a splendid article of food, wholesome and nourishing, and one could make an entire meal on them without being harmed to the slightest extent.

The question would naturally arise, how can one secure a wholesome bread? Everywhere you have put before you the products of the white flour in the form of bread or rolls. What is one searching for a wholesome bread to do? If you cannot secure white bread, as a rule you can find what is termed Graham bread, which is made from a combination of bran and white flour. Even better than this, however, is the bread made from the whole wheat, that is, from wheat meal, the entire grain of the wheat having been ground into a meal and no part of the grain having been removed. This makes the best and the most wholesome bread, and can be relied on to nourish every part of the body. If you cannot secure this, then there is pumpernickel, which is made from whole rye and is a wholesome article of food in every way. The next choice would be in the nature of rye bread, that is, the rye bread commonly sold, which is usually made from a mixture of white and rye flour. This is, of course, much better than white bread, though it is far from being a perfect food.

Corn bread is a wholesome food; and can be depended upon for nourishing all parts of the body. Of course, it is an article of food that is difficult to secure unless made at home. Occasionally it is served at restaurants or can be bought at bakeries. Corn bread is also frequently made of a combination of white flour and cornmeal. It is much more tasty if made almost entirely with the cornmeal.—Physical Culture.

THE KINDERGARTEN AGE.

The pedagogy of reecnt times has concerned itself a great deal with the first few years of the child's conscious life. Some writers on the subject have perhaps overstated the degree to which the whole destiny of the individual rests on the training which he receives during those years. Most people will agree, however, that those are indeed momentous years. The rapidity with which knowledge is acquired, the proportion of impressions received which are retained, and the consciousness of self-adjustment to the world which mark the three or four years after speech begins to be acquired, are matters which should be seriously considered by all parents.

The child's first teacher is his mother. It is ill for him if she is not also his best teacher. She first stands for him for the world outside of him—the "not-I." And as embodied in her it is to him a good and a kind world. While he has this conception of it his mind expands like a plant in the sun. It grows because it is stimulated to grow and that by wholesome and pleasing influences.

A child's mind during those earlier years is mostly concerned with objects. It is his divine right to have things about him, and to be let alone in his investigation of them. He is full of vague wonders also and imaginings. It is likewise his right that these should be dealt with sympathetically. He does not know always what is his observation of outer things as distinguished from his consciousness of inward dreams. These obscure workings of his imagination and memory are hereditary. They mark his kinship with those of whose stock he is born. He should be dealt with concerning them by somebody who can probably understand them. Who is so likely to do that as his mother?

Again, the discipline of life should come to the little child in as kind a form as possible. It is inevitable that it should come, and it may come in a way that is tragically cruel. Children, for example, should not be left too much to one another. They are heartless little barbarians, and inflict suffering not only without a sense of sympathy, but even with a sort of fiendish glee.

This very thing may prove a serious objection to sending little children to school. That necessarily means much contact with other children when no teacher is present. On the whole, it is better that small children should be taught at home. No child who has a reasonable supply of toys, a comfortable nursery floor on which to play, and a loving mother to turn to at any moment that she may read and sing and talk to him loses anything by missing the whole kindergarten course of schooling. If to his home privileges is added the range of a dooryard, with grass and trees and real dirt for mud pies, he can well forego the songs and painted toys of the play school.

If, however, the mother is going to turn her little children over to servants—to a nurse especially—with exposure to the gossip and selfish coarseness which make up the conversation between the average nurse and her fellow-servants, and to which the innocent ears must listen during their most impressionable months, then by all means the kindergarten. Or if the mother is an over-worked housekeeper, unable to hire coarser hands for drudgery of her home, or cramped by ill health, she too may find the school a blessing. Only let it be understood yet that the best of all schools for a little child is the Christian home, with its good breeding, its gentleness, its self-sacrifice, its love, its conscientious firmness of discipline, its mother as the presiding deity. And this being so, any kindergarten draws its excellence from the measure in which it approaches an ideal home. No woman is fit to be a kindergarten teacher who has not the motherly spirit. The development of the intellectual side of the child's mind may at this period practically be left to itself. The learning and classifying of the multitude of natural objects about it, the identification and analysis of its sensations, and the acccumulation of a vocabulary in our terrifying language are all that should be expected of any little tot. More work than that might well be expected to bring on nervous prostration. It is on the side of morals that these years are so critical. Here again is the mother's great advantage. Nobody longs as she does for nobility and purity in her child. Nobody else can yearn over it, pray for it, draw out its childish powers and longings as a mother can. The woman who has children who does not sacrifice every other interest or care to the beauty and glory which is hers in the forming of their young lives is inexcusably blind to her high calling.

Young People

HOW TOGGLES PAID THE RANSOM.

Of course we all know it is much worse to do a bad thing "on purpose" than to do it accidentally; but perhaps we do not even stop often enough to remember that, even if it is not done "on purpose," it generally makes someone unhappy just the same. I doubt if Toggles ever thought of it until, just by accident, he did this thing of which I am going to tell you and had to pay the city's ransom.

It was a busy little city, with citizens hurrying to and fro in the streets and popping in and out of their strange houses, and all as active and contented, apparently, as they could be. And yet, for all it was so near, Toggles had never seen it until that day.

He was playing ball with his friend Tommie and the ball went past him into the vacant lot across the street. He ran to get it, and was hardly over the fence before he stumbled; and, when he turned around, there lay a fourth part of the city little better than in ruins, and Toggles exclaimed:

"My, what a big ant-hill!"

There was a perfect panic among those whose houses had been destroyed, and they were all running about as if distracted, except a few who kept cool and were busily carrying away and hiding some little white things that looked like tiny grains of rice, but Toggles did not stop. He hurried off to finish the game. Still it interested him, and when Tommie had gone home, he came back.

All the white things had been put away, the panic seemed to be over, and it looked as if the citizens had bravely resolved to build everything up again just as quickly and as well as they could. Toggles watched them working and, as h watched, began to think; and it did not make him feel any more comfortable.

Fifteen minutes ago they had all been happy. Each family had its own little house (a dirt-house, to be sure, but some people had no better), and each citizen was free to go about his own business or pleasure. Now all that was over. A fourth of them were homeless; the rest must all turn in and help their unfortunate neighbors. It might take weeks, for all he knew, to repair the injury; and he,

Toggles, was to blame for the whole thing.

He tried to think how he would feel if a giant, as much bigger than he as he was bigger than the ants, should stumble over the schoolhouse and the church and leave nothing of them but brick-dust and slivers; and he felt sure it would scare him nearly to death.

To be sure, he had not meant to hurt the city; but the ants did not know that, and were just as badly off as if he had come on purpose to kick their town to pieces.

He wished he could make it up to them, but he could not think what to do. The ball began the trouble; but, if he burned it up, that would not do the ants any good, and as to helping them rebuild their houses, Toggles knew very well he was not smart enough for that.

Very fortunately, Uncle Gene dropped in that night and, when supper was over, Toggles crawled up into his lap and told him about it. He liked Uncle Gene, because he was always serious and did not just make fun.

"I see," he said. "You have injured the city and want to make it up. There is only one thing to do—you must pay an indemnity."

"A what?" asked Toggles.

"An indemnity—like a ransom, you know. And I would pay it the first thing in the morning. It's a dreadful thing to owe everybody in a whole city."

"I know it," exlaimed Toggles, "but what shall I pay? I spent all my money for the ball; and anyway, they would not want money."

"No," said Uncle Gene. "It must be something ants like. Let me see—sugar, I should say. And I would ask mamma for it—I would earn it. I believe, if you filled the wood-box, she would pay you two spoonfuls of sugar; and that, I think, would be enough so that every one in the city could have some."

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over and the wood-box filled, Toggles was off. When he reached the city he sat down, and then he emptied his indemnity just outside the limits. There were not so many inhabitants out as there had been the day before, but their attention was instantly caught. A big black alderman ant came up to examine the nearest sugar grain, then seized it, and some others, encouraged by his example, each took a grain and started off.

In five minutes every one in the city had heard the news. But the mayor and council appeared to have taken charge, all was done with so much order and system. First the sugar in the streets was gathered up, then the scattered grains collected, and finally the laborers, going and coming in regular files, began their work upon the heap itself.

Toggles had never imagined anything could be so interesting, and lay flat upon his face watching until the sun was almost overhead. "Mamma," he exclaimed, when he returned, "do you know what I am going to do?"

Mamma did not.

"Well, you know what Uncle Gene says big countries do for little ones sometimes? I'm going to 'stablish a protectorate. And you know that flag in the book you gave me Christmas—the snake, you know, and 'Don't tread on me!' I'll have that for their flag and I'll put it up right where they live, so there won't any other boy step on the city the way I did. And—I think I'll go and make that flag right now."

And he was off like a shot.—Sunday School Times.

CHILDREN OF THE SUNSET SHORES.

The cities of our Western coast are truly cosmopolitan. Los Angeles has its Italian precinct and its Russian quarter, its Greeks and Poles; but nowhere else does one find so many Spanish-speaking children, and so many Japanese and Chinese.

Tourists coming to the coast for the first time are curiously interested in the cunning little pantalooned mite of a girl on the strets of Chinatown, and the Spanish baby whose baptism they witness in the old Plaza church. They go into Sonoratown or out to San Gabriel, and feel that they have almost penetrated a corner of old Spain when they see the brown-cheeked, curly-headed babies who look as if they might have tumbled out of one of Murillo's pictures.

But one must go to the haunts, so to speak, of each nationality if he would see more than the occasional straggler. It is in the university settlement that he will find most of the young Iatlians and Greeks. At Bethlehem mission and thereabouts the Russians, with their embroidered aprons and handkerchiefs over their heads, are in full force; but they are not alone, for this mission, more than any other one locality, gathers all sorts and conditions of children into its loving, sheltering arms.

Sonoratown and Chinatown are side by side, with only a street dividing them, but this line of demarcation is sharply drawn, and each nationality keeps well within its own borders. The Japanese quarter is down in the neighborhood of Seventh and Eighth strets, along and near the station of he Pacific Electric railway.

Chinese and Spanish-speaking people cling to their own customs and costumes. The babies chatter each in its own tongue, and are dressed and fed as were their forbears. Not so the Japanese; they jump immediately into American clothes and make a grand struggle towards the English language, often with weird success. A Japanese boy takes kindly to the dress of our land, but the girl rarely learns to walk well in American shoes, or to wear the dress with comfort to herself, or others, this being more particularly true of the lower classes in the social scale. But when she does succeed in assuming the costume as one to the manner born, she ranks high in her attractiveness. When a China-woman chooses to put aside her bifurcated garments for petticoats she does it easily and well, but there are fewer women and children of this nationality to be seen in the common streets. Now and then, if the course of one's walk happens to be along Apablasa or Marchessault streets, one may encounter a woman leading a little child, both in Chinese garb, but they are few, usually alone and quite silent. The one bit of American noise these quiet people have taken kindly to is the phonograph, and they have all sorts of fun and all sorts of sounds in their little living rooms back of the Chinese stores, where the combination of music (save the term!) and China-laughter is sometimes quite startling to the shopper and sightseer.

The Russian women and children are almost always in groups, and, all chattering at once, their jagged consonants break the air ito fragments. They seem to spring up around the bridges in the neighborhood of Aliso street and the river, or rather south of that locality, along the side streets and crosspaths. Most of them belong to the order of Molokanes—literally, "milk eaters," a sort of religious sect which comes to this country for greater freedom in worship. Their services consist entirely of music, and anything more solemn-

ly weird I have never heard. Only the men and boys participate, and the great desire seems to be to see who will be able to sustain the voice the longest time without taking breath, the music being in the nature of a chant, all singing in the air. The voices are less clear and high than are the voices of American boys of the same age, but there is a decidedly pleasing depth and fulness despite a somewhat nasal effect.

Occasionally, if one is in touch with these people, there is an invitation to a wedding. The bride is often little more than a child, and the gay colors of her costume and the clothes of the guests make a bright picture. After the ceremony tea is made in a samovar, and as a settlement seldom boasts more than one, it necessitates carrying the bulky brass receptacle from place to place. A great delicacy at social affairs is the sweet preserves served with the tea, a generous teaspoonful being put into each cup as the dish is passed. Strange as it may seem, it is really pleasant to taste.

Among our acquaintances we number a bright young Russian boy—not, however, of the molokanes—who is succeeding in his efforts to obtain an American education. He works in gardens and cares for lawns out of school hours, and is now in one of our best technical schools.

"How does it go?" I asked him the other day.

"It is hard," he replied, "because I have first to master the language in which my lesson is printed before I can learn the lesson. I do not read English fluently yet, you know, but I am learning, and it becomes easier."

I felt that his use of such English as he knew was very good. One day I stood outside an orange packing house watching the workers. It was in the neighborhood of San Gabriel mission, and a more thoroughly Spanish scene would be hard to find even hereabouts. In the distance were the mountains, the higher peaks snow-capped; the valley was fragrant and beautiful with rose and orange bloom, and overhead was a blue, blue sky, intense in color and cloudless. It was not a large packing house, just a warehouse with a wide platform where a few men were lifting boxes and nailing on the covers, and as many more were wheeling them through the doors and piling them high in the cool interior. Eight or ten women and girls with as many children were sorting the oranges as they were brought in ranch wagons, rolling them down troughs into great tubs of water where they were washed. No one was hurrying, and everyone acted as if there were a great many tomorrows in which to work. There was one, a girl of about twelve, whom they called Concha (a diminutive of Conception). Her eyes were large and black, her hair is black as ink and glossy, and her skin a clear, warm olive. She was ready to laugh at anything—at the baby who sat smearing its face with the rich juice of an orange which it held in both chubby fists, at Jaun who made such funny faces when he tipped the heavy boxes out of the truck, and at the donkey in a near-by corral whne he lifted up his voice and he-hawed. When these amusements failed, she laughed anyway—at the sunshine, perhaps, her white teeth showing like pearls between her red lips. She was charming as I talked with her.

"Si, Senora, I like the work with oranges," she replied in response to my questions. "It is not that I need to work for something to eat, but I will buy a white dress for the Pasqual" (Easter).

Then she told me of her saving and hoarding, and how she would soon have enough; and how the grandmother had made drawn work to trim it, and how she had never had a white dress of her own, but had worn a borrowed one at confirmation.

It chanced that I attended Easter service that year at the old Mission San Gabriel, and among the little maids who marched in procession down Boabdil street none was prettier or prouder than Concha in her first white dress, earned in the orange packing house. The old mission bells in their arches were ringing, and in the dimness of the choir loft where once the Indians used to sing, one could almost fancy their dusky forms still lurked, looking down in silence on the congregation below.

But the last time I saw Concha was at the Presbyterian mission for girls in Los Angeles—now in her fourteenth year, and thanks to the teaching, a consistent Christian girl. All hope of redeeming the people from Catholicism lies with the children; the adults are rarely, if ever, won.

Several years ago there was a tiny box of a curio store kept by a Japanese who had long been in business on the coast. He has since retired, a moneyed man of leisure. I often used to drop in at quiet times and talk with him, after a fashion, of things Japanese. I knew some words on the printed page that I did not recognize when spoken by the Japanese tongue; so when I faltered, he took out his fountain pen and printed the word for me. If I could not make it plain in that way he drew a picture of the object he was trying to describe. He was an artist of ability. In one way and another he gave me much enjoyable information. One day there came into the store a bright boy whom he called Wawara, a boy of fifteen perhaps, quiet, quick, deft, polite, altogether winning. Later the shopkeeper told me that the boy was in the high school, working for his board nights and mornings in the home of an American family.

I followed this boy's career with interest. Finishing his studies at the school, he was graduated with honors. A teacher in the State Normal for whom he had cleaned rugs and washed windows, determined that he should have a college education, and herself assumed the expense of sending him first to Berkeley and later to Andover. His course completed, he returned, married an educated girl of his own nationality whom he had met at one of our missions, and is now an able pastor in charge of one of the largest and best Japanese churches in Los Angeles, doing great good among his people.

"The world do move," and with each revolution it brings into a clearer atmosphere of living and loving these new lives from old decaying civilizations of the world. The beautiful roses of this season come from the new wood that was grown on the old bush. The great Gardener, pruning here, budding and grafting there, may combine all this plentitude of young bloom, some of it foreign to us but not to him, in a wealth of flowering for his joy. His evolution, his culture, protects all.—Gussie Packard Du Bois in the "Interior."

A MORNING PRAYER.

O Thou, unseen one who art always near,
Dispel my doubts and drive away my fear.
Take Thou my hand, and lead me on
Through life's long night to the eternal dawn.

Help me in Thy name this day to speak,
That some wandering one may Thy blessing seek.
Grant Thy favor to all who Thy name confess,
That they may not live for self, but others bless.

—J. A. Batchelor.

MILLS COLLEGE

For Young Women.

Only Women's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences non-sectarian; all forms of healthful out-door amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Aug. 11, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O. Calif.

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Located at Berkeley, Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President,

J. K. McLEAN, D.D.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.

Women who desire to fit themselves for modern social and religious work will find especial advantages here. Training is given for salaried positions as church secretaries, instructors in the Bible, directors of instruction in Sunday-schools, club leaders, etc. Affiliated with Chicago Theological Seminary, cooperating with Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy and Chicago Commons. Opens September 19, 1909.

Address,
FLORENCE A. FENSHAM, Dean,
1614 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE CATHARINE

1589 Sacramento Street.

MRS. KATE S. HART, PROPRIETOR.

Formerly manager of the Ramona, a quiet, home-like house. Rooms have buffet kitchens, where persons can do light housekeeping. Hot water day and night. From Third and Townsend take Ellis street cars and transfer at Larkin From Ferry take Sacramento street cars.

LOW RATES TO

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

FOR ROUND TRIP TICKETS

FROM		FROM	
San Francisco	$32.50	Martinez	$32.50
Lathrop	32.50	Napa	32.75
Stockton	32.50	Santa Rosa	33.60
Suisun	32.50	Calistoga	33.95
Davis	32.50	Glen Ellen	33.55

Greatly reduced rates from other points in California. Tickets sold daily, May 25 to Sept. 30, and cover two months trip going and coming via the famous

SHASTA ROUTE

—of the—

Southern Pacific

Stopovers Going and Coming.
Many other routes at slightly higher rates for you to select from.

Write or call on our nearest agent for full details of service, etc., or address,

DEPT. ADV., 948 FLOOD BLDG.,
for information.

Free Kindergarten Normal School

of the

Golden Gate Kindergarten Association

Accredited by State Board of Education.
The 18th year opens Aug. 2.
Miss Virginia Fitch, President.
Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.
Address: 1625 California St., Room 20
San Francisco, Cal.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.,
Edwin C. Norton, Ph.D., Dean.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List.)

Will open at 2119 Allston Way,, in Berkeley, September, 1909.
Regular Course two years. Special Classes for Mothers and Nursery Helpers. Address,
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD,
1374 Franklin St., Oakland.
Phone, Oakland 3123.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.